

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

Dramatis Personæ

PEACHUM		Mr Hippesley
LOCKIT		Mr Hall
MACHEATH		Mr Walker
FILCH		Mr Clark
JEMMY TWITCHER	} <i>Macheath's</i>	Mr H. Bullock
CROOK-FINGERED JACK		Mr Houghton
WAT DREARY		Mr Smith
ROBIN OF BAGSHOT		Mr Lacy
NIMMING NED		Mr Pit
HARRY PADDINGTON		Mr Eaton
MAT OF THE MINT		Mr Spiller
BEN BUDGE		Mr Morgan
BEGGAR		Mr Chapman
PLAYER		Mr Milward

Constables, Drawer, Turnkey, etc.

WOMEN

MRS PEACHUM		Mrs Martin
POLLY PEACHUM		Miss Fenton
LUCY LOCKIT		Mrs Eggleton
DIANA TRAPES		Mrs Martin
MRS COAXER	} <i>Women of</i>	Mrs Holiday
DOLLY TRULL		Mrs Lacy
MRS VIXEN		Mrs Rice
BETTY DOXY		Mrs Rogers
JENNY DIVER		Mrs Clarke
MRS SLAMMEKIN		Mrs Morgan
SUKY TAWDRY		Mrs Palin
MOLLY BRAZEN		Mrs Sallee

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Introduction

Beggar, Player.

BEGGAR If poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the company of beggars; and I make one at their weekly festivals at St Giles's; I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

PLAYER As we live by the Muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So, though you are in want, I wish you success heartily.

BEGGAR This piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced the similes that are in all your celebrated operas; the Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, etc. Besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no recitative; excepting this, as I have consented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it must be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great room at St Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

PLAYER But I see 'tis time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture. *Exeunt.*

Act I

SCENE I

SCENE: *Peachum's house.*

Peachum sitting at a table, with a large book of accounts before him.

AIR I — 'An old woman, clothed in grey'.

PEACHUM *Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
Whore and rogue, they call husband and wife:
All professions be-rogue one another.
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat:
The lawyer be-knaves the divine:
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.*

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like me too, he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues, and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

SCENE 2

Peachum, Filch.

FILCH Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

PEACHUM Why, she may plead her belly at worst; to my knowledge she hath taken care of that security. But, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

FILCH Tom Gagg, sir, is found guilty.

PEACHUM A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to, if he did not mend his hand. This is death, without reprieve. I may venture to book him; (*Writes.*) for Tom Gagg, forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

FILCH Betty hath brought more goods into our lock to-year than any five of the gang; and, in truth, 'tis a pity to lose so good a customer.

PEACHUM If none of the gang take her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen-partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward: there is nothing to be got by the death of women — except our wives.

FILCH Without dispute, she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education, and (to say a bold word) she hath trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming-table.

PEACHUM Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women than all the professions besides.

AIR 2 — 'The bonny grey-eyed morn', etc.

FILCH *'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money, with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise every fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.*

PEACHUM But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy, one way or other.

FILCH When a gentleman is long kept in suspense, penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends in affliction.

SCENE 3

Peachum.

PEACHUM But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang. (*Reading.*) 'Crook-fingered Jack' – a year and a half in the service – let me see how much the stock owes to his industry: One, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones – a mighty, clean-handed fellow! – sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them of true gold, six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tie-periwigs, and a piece of broad-cloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow; for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. 'Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will' – an irregular dog! who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods; I'll try him only for a sessions or two longer, upon his good behaviour. 'Harry Paddington' – a poor, petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius! that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. 'Slippery Sam' – he goes off the next sessions; for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a tailor, which he calls an honest employment. 'Mat of the Mint' – listed not above a month ago; a promising, sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder. 'Tom Tipple' – a guzzling, soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand; a cart is absolutely necessary for him. 'Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Carbuncle, alias Bob Booty –'

SCENE 4

Peachum, Mrs Peachum.

MRS PEACHUM What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine – 'twas he, made me a present of this ring.

PEACHUM I have set his name down in the black list, that's all,

my dear; he spends his life among women, and, as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pound lost to us for ever!

MRS PEACHUM You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed, are bitter bad judges in these cases; for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp, or the gallows.

AIR 3 — 'Cold and raw', etc.

*If any wench Venus's girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly:
Lilies and roses will quickly appear
And her face look wondrous smugly.
Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord
(A rope so charming a zone is!),
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adonis!*

But, really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months; and truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

PEACHUM What a dickens is the woman always whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

MRS PEACHUM If I am in the wrong, my dear, you must excuse me, for nobody can help the frailty of an over-scrupulous conscience.

PEACHUM Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in Newgate every year, purely upon that article? If they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring in manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? So, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning, for the banknotes he left with you last week?

MRS PEACHUM Yes, my dear; and though the bank hath stopped payment, he was so cheerful, and so agreeable! Sure, there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the captain! If he

comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening with Polly and me, and Bob Booty, at a party of quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the captain rich?

PEACHUM The captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone, and the chocolate-houses, are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

MRS PEACHUM Really, I am sorry, upon Polly's account, the captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? He should leave them to prey upon one another.

PEACHUM Upon Polly's account! What a plague does the woman mean? — Upon Polly's account!

MRS PEACHUM Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

PEACHUM And what then?

MRS PEACHUM If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

PEACHUM And what then? You would not be so mad to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are, generally, very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

MRS PEACHUM But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl, I'm in the utmost concern about her!

AIR 4 — 'Why is your faithful slave disdained?' etc.

*If love the virgin's heart invade,
How, like a moth, the simple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If soon she be not made a wife,
Her honour's singed, and then for life
She's — what I dare not name.*

PEACHUM Lookye, wife, a handsome wench in our way of business is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You see I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can. In anything but marriage! After that, my dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her husband's power? For a husband hath the absolute power over all a

wife's secrets but her own. If the girl had the discretion of a court lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is tinder, and a spark will at once set her on a flame. Married! If the wench does not know her own profit, sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property! My daughter, to me, should be like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it by the example of our neighbours.

MRS PEACHUM Mayhap, my dear, you may injure the girl: she loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the captain liberties in the view of interest.

PEACHUM But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the meantime, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city.

SCENE 5

Mrs Peachum.

MRS PEACHUM Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband. Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? and why must our Polly's marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR 5 — 'Of all the simple things we do', etc.

*A maid is like the golden ore,
Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,
Whose worth is never known, before
It is tried and impressed in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamped with the name of her spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought or is sold;
And is current in every house.*

SCENE 6

Mrs Peachum, Filch.

MRS PEACHUM Come hither, Filch. – I am as fond of this child as though my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

FILCH I plied at the opera, madam; and, considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't – these seven handkerchiefs, madam.

MRS PEACHUM Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriff, among the seamen.

FILCH And this snuff-box.

MRS PEACHUM Set in gold! A pretty encouragement, this, to a young beginner!

FILCH I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the tailors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! – it stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that, every now and then, since I was pumped, I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

MRS PEACHUM You should go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour; these are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little 'oes he know yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact, I'll ensure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough, upon a sentence of transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, even go to your book, and learn your catechism: for, really, a man makes but an ill figure in the ordinary's paper who cannot give a satisfactory answer to his questions. But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lie; for you know I hate a liar: – Do you know of anything that hath passed between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

FILCH I beg you, madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a

lie to you or to Miss Polly; for I promised her I would not tell.

MRS PEACHUM But when the honour of our family is concerned —

FILCH I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever she come to know I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour, by betraying anybody.

MRS PEACHUM Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

SCENE 7

Peachum, Polly.

POLLY I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly. We have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to show for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR 6 — 'What shall I do to show how much I love her?' etc.

*Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground,
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy buiterflies frolic around:*

*But when once plucked 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.*

PEACHUM You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer, in the way of business, or to get out a secret or so; but if I find out that you have played the fool, and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now, you know my mind.

SCENE 8

Peachum, Polly, Mrs Peachum.

AIR 7 – ‘O London is a fine town’

MRS PEACHUM (*In a very great passion.*)

*Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her,
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell
her pride,*

*With scarves and stays, and gloves and lace, and she will have
men beside:*

*And when she's dressed with care and cost, all tempting, fine
and gay,*

As men should serve a cowcumber, she flings herself away.

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hanged it would not have vexed me; for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by choice! – The wench is married, husband.

PEACHUM Married! the captain is a bold man, and will risk anything for money: to be sure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have lived comfortably so long together if ever we had been married? Baggage!

MRS PEACHUM I knew she was always a proud slut, and now the wench hath played the fool and married, because, forsooth, she would do like the gentry! Can you support the expense of a husband, hussy, in gaming, drinking and whoring! Have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? There are not many husbands and wives who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way. If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman! Why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill-used and as much neglected as if thou hadst married a lord!

PEACHUM Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency; for the captain looks upon himself in the military capacity as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruined or no?

MRS PEACHUM With Polly's fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction: yes, that you might, you pouting slut.

PEACHUM What! is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking?

Pinches her.

POLLY Oh! *Screaming.*

MRS PEACHUM How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them; they break through them all; they have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother as in cheating at cards.

PEACHUM Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR 8 — 'Grim king of the ghosts', etc.

POLLY *Can love be controlled by advice?
Will Cupid our mothers obey?
Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.
When he kissed me, so closely he pressed,
'Twas so sweet that I must have complied,
So I thought it both safest and best
To marry, for fear you should chide.*

MRS PEACHUM Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

PEACHUM And Macheath may hang his father- and mother-in-law, in hope to get into their daughter's fortune.

POLLY I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately, for honour or money — but I love him.

MRS PEACHUM Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh, husband! husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself — Oh! *Faints.*

PEACHUM See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! A glass of cordial this instant! How the poor woman takes it to heart! (*Polly goes out, and returns with it.*) Ah, hussy, now this is the only comfort your mother has left.

POLLY Give her another glass, sir; my mamma drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This you see fetches her.

MRS PEACHUM The girl shows such a readiness, and so much concern, that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR 9 – ‘O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been?’

[MRS PEACHUM] O Polly, *you might have toyed and kissed;
By keeping men off you keep them on.*

POLLY *But he so teased me,
And he so pleased me,
What I did you must have done.*

MRS PEACHUM Not with a highwayman – you sorry slut.

PEACHUM A word with you, wife. ’Tis no new thing for a wench to take man without consent of parents. You know ’tis the frailty of woman, my dear!

MRS PEACHUM Yes, indeed, the sex is frail; but the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune: after that she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

PEACHUM Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? Since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

MRS PEACHUM Well, Polly, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee. Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

POLLY Then all my sorrows are at an end.

MRS PEACHUM A mighty likely speech in troth for a wench who is just married!

AIR 10 – ‘Thomas, I cannot’, etc.

POLLY *I like a ship in storms was tossed,
Yet afraid to put into land,
For seized in the port the vessel’s lost
Whose treasure is contraband.
The waves are laid,
My duty’s paid;
O joy beyond expression!
Thus safe ashore*

*I ask no more;
My all is in my possession.*

PEACHUM I hear customers in t'other room; go talk with 'em. Polly; but come to us again as soon as they are gone. — But hark ye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating watch, say you believe we can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow, for I lent it to Sukey Straddle, to make a figure with to-night at a tavern in Drury Lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know beetle-browed Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night, so that it cannot be had till then.

SCENE 9

Peachum, Mrs Peachum.

PEACHUM Dear wife! be a little pacified; don't let your passion run away with your senses: Polly, I grant you, has done a rash thing.

MRS PEACHUM If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

PEACHUM But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations; there is not a spot or stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue nowadays is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

MRS PEACHUM I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

PEACHUM That indeed is a point which ought to be considered.

AIR 11 — 'A soldier and a sailor'.

*A fox may steal your hens, sir,
A whore your health and pence, sir,
Your daughter rob your chest, sir,
Your wife may steal your rest, sir,*

*A thief your goods and plate.
But this is all for picking,
With rest, pence, chest and chicken;
It ever was decreed, sir,
If lawyer's hand is fee'd, sir,
He steals your whole estate.*

The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way; they don't care that anybody should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

SCENE IO

Mrs Peachum, Peachum, Polly.

POLLY 'Twas only Nimming Ned: he brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a periwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

PEACHUM There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affair; for matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it seems?

POLLY Yes, sir.

PEACHUM And how do you propose to live, child?

POLLY Like other women, sir; upon the industry of my husband.

MRS PEACHUM What! is the wench turned fool? A highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

PEACHUM And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

POLLY I don't know what you mean, sir.

PEACHUM Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

POLLY But I love him, sir: how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

PEACHUM Parting with him! why that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

POLLY How I dread to hear your advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

PEACHUM Secure what he hath got, have him peached the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

POLLY What! murder the man I love! The blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it.

PEACHUM Fie, Polly! what hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say that the captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the captain knows that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business: so that there is no malice in the case.

MRS PEACHUM Ay, husband, now you have nicked the matter. To have him peached is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR 12 — 'Now ponder well, ye parents dear'.

POLLY *Oh ponder well! be not severe;
 So save a wretched wife,
 For on the rope that hangs my dear
 Depends poor Polly's life.*

MRS PEACHUM But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

POLLY What is a jointure, what is widowhood, to me? I know my heart; I cannot survive him.

AIR 13 — 'Le printemps rappelle aux armes'.

*The turtle thus with plaintive crying,
 Her lover dying,
The turtle thus with plaintive crying
 Laments her dove.
Down she drops quite spent with sighing,
 Paired in death, as paired in love.*

Thus, sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

MRS PEACHUM What! is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular. Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex!

POLLY But hear me, mother — if you ever loved —

MRS PEACHUM Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin! One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

PEACHUM Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

MRS PEACHUM Away, hussy! Hang your husband, and be dutiful.

SCENE I I

Mrs Peachum, Peachum.

Polly listening.

MRS PEACHUM The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures and have him peached the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

PEACHUM But really, my dear! it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagems, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death: I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

MRS PEACHUM But in a case of necessity – our own lives are in danger.

PEACHUM Then indeed we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest. – He shall be taken off.

MRS PEACHUM I'll undertake to manage Polly.

PEACHUM And I'll prepare matters for the Old Bailey.

SCENE I 2

Polly.

POLLY Now I'm a wretch indeed! – Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! – I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! – What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace! I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears!

Even butchers weep! — Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty and would be glad to lose his fee by a reprieve. — What then will become of Polly? — As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape. — It shall be so. — But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! That too will distract me. — If he keeps out of the way my papa and mamma may in time relent, and we may be happy. — If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever! — He intended to lie concealed in my room till the dusk of the evening. If they are abroad I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him.

Exit, and returns.

SCENE 13

Polly, Macheath.

AIR 14 — 'Pretty parrot, say,' etc.

MACHEATH *Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?*

POLLY *Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doting eyes,
My constant heart discover,
Fondly let me loll!*

MACHEATH *O pretty, pretty Poll!*

POLLY And are you as fond as ever, my dear?

MACHEATH Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect anything but my love. May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if I ever forsake thee!

POLLY Nay, my dear! I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

AIR 15 — 'Pray, fair one, be kind'.

MACHEATH *My heart was so free,
It roved like the bee,*

*Till Polly my passion requited:
I sipped each flower,
I changed every hour,
But here every flower is united.*

POLLY Were you sentenced to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you – could you?

MACHEATH Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from quadrille. But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR 16 – ‘Over the hills, and far away’.

*Were I laid on Greenland’s coast,
And in my arms embraced my lass,
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half-year’s night would pass.*

POLLY *Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was closed,
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer’s breast reposed.*

MACHEATH *And I would love you all the day,*

POLLY *Every night would kiss and play,*

MACHEATH *If with me you’d fondly stray*

POLLY *Over the hills, and far away.*

POLLY Yes, I would go with thee. But oh! – how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee! We must part!

MACHEATH How! part!

POLLY We must, we must! My papa and mamma are set against thy life: they now, even now, are in search after thee: they are preparing evidence against thee; thy life depends upon a moment!

AIR 17 – ‘Gin thou wert mine awn thing’.

*O, what pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?
O, what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee!
But lest death my love should thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart,*

*Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart.
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.*

One kiss, and then! — one kiss! — Begone! — Farewell!

MACHEATH My hand, my heart, my dear, is so riveted to thine,
that I cannot unloose my hold!

POLLY But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should lose
the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, perhaps, may
reconcile us. Shall thy Polly hear from thee?

MACHEATH Must I then go?

POLLY And will not absence change your love?

MACHEATH If you doubt it, let me stay — and be hanged.

POLLY Oh, how I fear! how I tremble! Go — but, when safety
will give you leave, you will be sure to see me again; for, till
then, Polly is wretched.

AIR 18 — 'O the broom', etc.

MACHEATH *The miser thus a shilling sees,
Which he's obliged to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fear 'tis gone for ay.*

*(Parting and looking back at each other with fondness:
he at one door, she at another.)*

POLLY *The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes:
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.*

Act II

SCENE I

SCENE: *A tavern near Newgate.*

Jemmy Twitcher, Crook-fingered Jack, Wat Dreary, Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Henry Paddington, Mat of the Mint, Ben Budge, and the rest of the Gang, at the table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.

BEN But prithee, Mat, what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

MAT Poor brother Tom had an accident, this time twelve-month, and so clever made a fellow he was, I could not save him from these fleaing rascals, the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the otamies at Surgeons' Hall.

BEN So, it seems, his time was come.

JEMMY But the present time is ours, and nobody alive hath more. Why are the laws levelled at us? Are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? What we win, gentlemen, is our own, by the law of arms and the right of conquest.

CROOK Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who, to a man, are above the fear of death?

WAT Sound men, and true!

ROBIN Of tried courage, and indefatigable industry!

NED Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

HARRY Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

MAT Show me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

BEN We are for a just partition of the world; for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

MAT We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money

was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of?

JEMMY Our several stations for the day are fixed. Good luck attend us all! Fill the glasses!

AIR 1 — 'Fill ev'ry glass', etc.

MAT *Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love and joy.
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there aught else on earth desirous?*

CHORUS *Fill ev'ry glass, etc.*

SCENE 2

To them enter Macheath.

MACHEATH Gentlemen, well met; my heart hath been with you this hour, but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you!

MAT We were just breaking up, to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, sir, this evening, upon the heath? I drink a dram, now and then, with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that, about this time, there will be passengers, upon the western road, who are worth speaking with.

MACHEATH I was to have been of that party — but —

MAT But what, sir?

MACHEATH Is there any man who suspects my courage?

MAT We have all been witnesses of it.

MACHEATH My honour and truth to the gang?

MAT I'll be answerable for it.

MACHEATH In the division of our booty, have I ever shown the least marks of avarice or injustice?

MAT By these questions, something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

MACHEATH I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

MAT Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

MACHEATH I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

MAT He knows nothing of this meeting.

MACHEATH Business cannot go on without him: he is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and, till it is accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction; for, the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruined.

MAT As a bawd to a whore I grant you he is, to us, of great convenience.

MACHEATH Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week, or so, will probably reconcile us.

MAT Your instructions shall be observed. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so, till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

MACHEATH I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

Sits down, melancholy, at the table.

AIR 2 — March in Rinaldo, with drums and trumpets.

MAT *Let us take the road:
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,
The hour of attack approaches,
To your arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold!
Let the chemists toil like asses,
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns all our lead to gold.*

(The Gang, ranged in front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles, then go off, singing the first part in chorus.)

SCENE 3

Macheath, Drawer.

MACHEATH What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit. I love the sex; and a man who loves money

might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting-officer in the army. If it were not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury Lane would be uninhabited.

AIR 3 – 'Would you have a young virgin', etc.

*If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears,
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.*

*Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;*

*Press her,
Caress her,
With blisses,
Her kisses*

Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

I must have women – there is nothing unbends the mind like them: money is not so strong a cordial for the time. Drawer!

Enter Drawer.

Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

DRAWER I expect him back every minute; but you know, sir, you sent him as far as Hockley-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies; for one in Vinegar Yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's Lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar bell. As they come, I will show them up. Coming! coming!

SCENE 4

Macheath, Mrs Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs Slammekin, Sukey Tawdry, and Molly Brazen.

MACHEATH Dear Mrs Coaxer, you are welcome! you look charmingly to-day: I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint. – Dolly Trull! kiss me, you slut! are you as amorous as ever, hussy? You are always so taken up

with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal anything else. Ah, Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette. — Mrs Vixen, I'm yours! I always loved a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives. — Betty Doxy! come hither, hussy: do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome beer, for, in troth, Betty, strong waters will, in time, ruin your constitution: you should leave those to your betters. — What, and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! There is not any prude, though ever so high bred, hath a more sanctified look, with a more mischievous heart: ah, thou art a dear, artful hypocrite! — Mrs Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever! All you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress. — But see! here's Sukey Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying. Everything she gets one way, she lays out upon her back. Why, Sukey, you must keep at least a dozen tally-men. — Molly Brazen! (*She kisses him.*) That's well done: I love a free-hearted wench: thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle. — But hark! I hear music! The harper is at the door. 'If music be the food of love, play on!' Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance? Come in.

Enter Harper.

Play the French tune that Mrs Slammekin was so fond of.

A dance à la ronde in the French manner: near the end of it this Song and Chorus.

AIR 4 — Cotillon.

*Youth's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty:
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despised in decay.*

CHORUS *Youth's the season, etc.*

*Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow:*

*Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is naught but sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.*

CHORUS *Let us drink, etc.*

MACHEATH Now, pray, ladies, take your places. Here, fellow.
(Pays the Harper.) Bid the drawer bring us more wine. *(Exit Harper.)* If any of the ladies choose gin, I hope they will be so free as to call for it.

JENNY You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, sir, I never drink strong waters but when I have the colic.

MACHEATH Just the excuse of the fine ladies! why, a lady of quality is never without colic. I hope, Mrs Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers?

MRS COAXER We have so many interlopers. Yet with industry, one may still have a little picking. I carried a silver-flowered lute-string and a piece of black padesoy to Mr Peachum's Lock but last week.

MRS VIXEN There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattlesnake. She riveted a linen-draper's eye so fast upon her, that he was nicked of three pieces of cambric before he could look off.

BRAZEN O dear madam! But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have the fine parts indeed who cheats a woman!

MRS VIXEN Lace, madam, lies in a small compass, and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, madam, to think too well of your friends.

MRS COAXER If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure 'tis Jenny Diver. Though her fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his pocket as coolly as if money were her only pleasure. Now that is a command of the passions uncommon in a woman!

JENNY I never go to a tavern with a man but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sort of men, for my pleasure. But had I your address, madam —

MACHEATH Have done with your compliments, ladies, and

drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

JENNY 'Tis not convenient, sir, to show my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

AIR 5 – 'All in a misty morning', etc.

*Before the barn-door crowing,
The Cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended;
Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy hen:
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.*

MACHEATH Ah, Jenny! thou art a dear slut.

TRULL Pray, madam, were you ever in keeping?

TAWDRY I hope, madam, I han't been so long upon the town but I have met with some good fortune as well as my neighbours.

TRULL Pardon me, madam, I meant no harm by the question: 'twas only in the way of conversation.

TAWDRY Indeed, madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have lived very handsomely with my last friend. But upon his missing five guineas, he turned me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

MRS SLAMMEKIN Who do you look upon, madam, as your best sort of keepers?

TRULL That, madam, is thereafter as they be.

MRS SLAMMEKIN Madam was once kept by a Jew; and bating their religion, to women they are a good sort of people.

TAWDRY Now for my own part, I own I like an old fellow: for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

MRS VIXEN A spruce 'prentice, let me tell you, ladies, is no ill thing; they bleed freely. I have sent at least two or three dozen of them, in my time, to the Plantations.

JENNY But to be sure, sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

MACHEATH The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

AIR 6 – 'When once I lay with another man's wife'.

JENNY *The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike:
If they meddle, your all is in danger;
Like gipsies, if once they can finger a souse,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
And give your estate to a stranger.*

These are the tools of a man of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

She takes up his pistol. Tawdry takes up the other.

TAWDRY This, sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company, 'tis ill-bred.

MACHEATH Wanton hussies!

JENNY I must and will have a kiss to give my wine a zest.
*They take him about the neck, and make signs to
Peachum and Constables: who rush in upon him.*

SCENE 5

To them Peachum and Constables.

PEACHUM I seize you, sir, as my prisoner.

MACHEATH Was this well done, Jenny? Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them! Beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores!

PEACHUM Your case, Mr Macheath, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruined by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, sir, take your leave of the ladies: and, if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. The gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the captain to his lodgings.

AIR 7 – 'When first I laid siege to my Chloris', etc.

MACHEATH *At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of ill,
I shall find no such furies as these are.*

PEACHUM Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning shall be discharged.

Exit Macheath, guarded, with Peachum and Constables.

SCENE 6

The women remain.

MRS VIXEN Look, Mrs Jenny, though Mr Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Sukey Tawdry for betraying the captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

MRS COAXER I think Mr Peachum, after so long an acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

MRS SLAMMEKIN I am sure at least three men of his hanging, and in a year's time, too (if he did me justice), should be set down to my account.

TRULL Mrs Slammekin, that is not fair. For you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

JENNY As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs Sukey will join with me. As for anything else, ladies, you cannot in conscience expect it.

MRS SLAMMEKIN Dear madam —

TRULL I would not for the world —

MRS SLAMMEKIN 'Tis impossible for me —

TRULL As I hope to be saved, madam —

MRS SLAMMEKIN Nay, then I must stay here all night —

TRULL Since you command me. *Exeunt with great ceremony.*

SCENE 7

SCENE: *Newgate.*

Lockit, Turnkeys, Macheath, Constables.

LOCKIT Noble captain, you are welcome! you have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the custom, sir; garnish, captain, garnish. Hand me down those fetters there.

MACHEATH Those, Mr Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the farther pair better.

LOCKIT Lookye, captain, we know what is fittest for our

prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him. – Hand them down, I say. – We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten; and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

MACHEATH I understand you, sir. (*Gives money.*) The fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expense of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

LOCKIT Those, I see, will fit the captain better. Take down the farther pair. Do but examine them, sir – never was better work – how genteelly they are made! They will fit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. (*He puts on the chains.*) If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, sir, I now leave you to your private meditations.

SCENE 8

Macheath.

AIR 8 – 'Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm', etc.

MACHEATH *Man may escape from rope and gun,
Nay, some have outlived the doctor's pill:
Who takes a woman, must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.*

To what a woeful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long, till I am hanged) be confined to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door. I am in the custody of her father; and, to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution. – But I promised the wench marriage. What signifies a promise to a woman? does not man, in marriage itself, promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us: for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations. But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her – would I were deaf!

SCENE 9

Macheath, Lucy.

LUCY You base man, you! – how can you look me in the face, after what hath passed between us? See here, perfidious wretch, how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me. Oh, Macheath! thou hast robbed me of my quiet – to see thee tortured would give me pleasure.

AIR 9 – ‘A lovely lass to a friar came’, etc.

*Thus when a good housewife sees a rat
In her trap in the morning taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for her loss of bacon,
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, crushed, and shaken.*

MACHEATH Have you no bowels, no tenderness, my dear Lucy, to see a husband in these circumstances?

LUCY A husband!

MACHEATH In every respect but the form, and that, my dear, may be said over us at any time. Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour his word is as good as his bond.

LUCY It is the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruined.

AIR 10 – ‘Twas when the sea was roaring’, etc.

*How cruel are the traitors,
Who lie and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded creatures
Of virtue, fame, and rest!
Whoever steals a shilling
Through shame the guilt conceals:
In love the perjured villain
With boasts the theft reveals.*

MACHEATH The very first opportunity, my dear, (but have patience) you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

LUCY Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum? I could tear thy eyes out.

MACHEATH Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly?

LUCY Are you not married to her, you brute, you?

MACHEATH Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true I go to the house, I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy, these violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

LUCY Come, come, captain, for all your assurance, you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promised me.

MACHEATH A jealous woman believes everything her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

LUCY That you are only to be hanged, and so get rid of them both.

MACHEATH I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction – if you think there is any in marriage. What can a man of honour say more?

LUCY So then it seems you are not married to Miss Polly?

MACHEATH You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited: no man can say a civil thing to her but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR II – 'The Sun hath loosed his weary teams', etc.

*The first time at the looking-glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass
With self-love ever after.
Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
Thinks every charm grows stronger;
But alas, vain maid! all eyes but your own
Can see you are not younger.*

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

LUCY Yonder is my father. Perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word – for I long to be made an honest woman.

SCENE IO

Peachum, Lockit with an account book.

LOCKIT In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

PEACHUM We shall never fall out about an execution. But as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account?

LOCKIT If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

PEACHUM This long arrear of the Government is very hard upon us. Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintances for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it? Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live beside their own.

LOCKIT Perhaps, brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated, too, by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

PEACHUM In one respect indeed our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

LOCKIT Such language, brother, anywhere else might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR 12 – 'How happy are we', etc.

*When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be:
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries – That was levelled at me.*

PEACHUM Here's poor Ned Clincher's name I see: sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case: for he told me in the condemned hold, that for value received you had promised him a session or two longer without molestation.

LOCKIT Mr Peachum, this is the first time my honour was ever called in question.

PEACHUM Business is at an end, if once we act dishonourably.

LOCKIT Who accuses me?

PEACHUM You are warm, brother.

LOCKIT He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood – and this usage, sir, is not to be borne.

PEACHUM Since you provoke me to speak, I must tell you, too, that Mrs Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information money for the apprehending of Curlpated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

LOCKIT Is this language to me, sirrah – who have saved you from the gallows, sirrah! *Collaring each other.*

PEACHUM If I am hanged, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal.

LOCKIT This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you – you dog!

PEACHUM Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong – we shall be both losers in the dispute – for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

LOCKIT Nor you so provoking.

PEACHUM 'Tis our mutual interest, 'tis for the interest of the world, we should agree. If I said anything, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

LOCKIT Brother Peachum, I can forgive as well as resent. Give me your hand: suspicion does not become a friend.

PEACHUM I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. But I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box that Filch nimmed two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour.

SCENE I I

Lockit, Lucy.

LOCKIT Whence come you, hussy?

LUCY My tears might answer that question.

LOCKIT You have then been whimpering and fondling like a spaniel over the fellow that hath abused you.

LUCY One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you and hate him.

LOCKIT Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman; 'tis not the fashion nowadays so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry, if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR 13 – 'Of a noble race was Shenkin'.

LUCY *Is then his fate decreed, sir,
Such a man can I think of quitting?
When first we met, so moves me yet,
O see how my heart is splitting!*

LOCKIT Lookye, Lucy, there is no saving him, so I think you must even do like other widows – buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR 14

*You'll think, ere many days ensue,
This sentence not severe;
I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,
But with him hang your care.
Twang dang dillo dee.*

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying husband; that, child, is your duty. Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money, too – so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

SCENE 12

Lucy, Macheath.

LUCY Though the ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will upon the first opportunity quiet my scruples. Oh, sir! my father's hard heart is not to be softened, and I am in the utmost despair.

MACHEATH But if I could raise a small sum – would not twenty guineas, think you, move him? Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing. Your

father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable sum in the year. Money, well timed, and properly applied, will do anything.

AIR 15 — 'London Ladies'.

*If you at an office solicit your due,
And would not have matters neglected,
You must quicken the clerk with a perquisite too,
To do what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent;
That reason with all is prevailing.*

LUCY What love or money can do, shall be done; for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

SCENE 13

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

POLLY Where is my dear husband! Was a rope ever intended for this neck! Oh, let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love! Why dost thou turn away from me? — 'tis thy Polly — 'tis thy wife.

MACHEATH Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

LUCY Was there ever such another villain!

POLLY Oh, Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprisoned! tried! hanged! Cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death — no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now. What means my love? — not one kind word! not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR 16 — 'All in the Downs', etc.

*Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,
Within the sash is closely pent,
His consort with bemoaning lay
Without sits pining for the event.
Her chattering lovers all around her skim;
She heeds them not, poor bird, her soul's with him.*

MACHEATH I must disown her. (*Aside.*) The wench is distracted!

LUCY Am I then bilked of my virtue? Can I have no reparation?
Sure men were born to lie, and women to believe them! Oh,
villain! villain!

POLLY Am I not thy wife? Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to
me, too severely proves it. Look on me – tell me, am I not thy
wife?

LUCY Perfidious wretch!

POLLY Barbarous husband!

LUCY Hadst thou been hanged five months ago, I had been
happy.

POLLY And I, too. If you had been kind to me till death, it
would not have vexed me – and that's no very unreasonable
request (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above
seven or eight days to live.

LUCY Art thou, then, married to another? Hast thou two wives,
monster?

MACHEATH If women's tongues can cease for an answer – hear
me.

LUCY I won't. Flesh and blood can't bear my usage!

POLLY Shall not I claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

AIR 17 – 'Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty', etc.

MACHEATH *How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But, while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say;
But toll de roll, etc.*

POLLY Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shown
to a wife – at least, she may claim the appearance of it. He must
be distracted with misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

LUCY Oh, villain! villain! thou hast deceived me! I could even
inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more
heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance than I
now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her
satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR 18 – 'Irish trot'.

POLLY *I'm bubbled.*

LUCY *I'm bubbled.*

POLLY *Oh, how I'm troubled!*

LUCY *Bamboozled and bit!*

POLLY *My distresses are doubled.*

LUCY *When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,
These fingers, with pleasure, could fasten the noose.*

POLLY *I'm bubbled, etc.*

MACHEATH Be pacified, my dear Lucy – this is all a fetch of Polly's to make me desperate with you, in case I get off. If I am hanged, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow. Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

POLLY And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

MACHEATH And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

LUCY Really, Miss Peachum, you but expose yourself; besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

AIR 19

POLLY *Cease your funning,
Force or cunning,
Never shall my heart trepan;
All these sallies
Are but malice,
To seduce my constant man.*

*'Tis most certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy shown;
Pleased to ruin
Others' wooing,
Never happy in their own!*

Decency, madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband while his wife is present.

MACHEATH But, seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

LUCY If you are determined, madam, to raise a disturbance in

the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the turnkey to show you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

POLLY Give me leave to tell you, madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least, madam; and my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

AIR 20 — 'Good morrow, Gossip Joan'.

LUCY *Why, how now, Madam Flirt?
If you thus must chatter,
And are for flinging dirt,
Let's try, who best can spatter,
Madam Flirt!*

POLLY *Why, how now, saucy jade!
Sure, the wench is tipsy!
How can you see me made (To him.)
The scoff of such a gipsy?
Saucy jade ! (To her.)*

SCENE 14

Lucy, Macheath, Polly, Peachum.

PEACHUM Where's my wench? Ah, hussy, hussy! Come home, you slut! and when your fellow is hanged, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

POLLY Dear, dear father! do not tear me from him. I must speak — I have more to say to him. Oh, twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

PEACHUM Sure, all women are alike! if ever they commit the folly, they are sure to commit another, by exposing themselves. Away — not a word more! You are my prisoner now, hussy.

AIR 21 — 'Irish howl'.

POLLY *No power on earth can e'er divide
The knot that sacred love hath tied.
When parents draw against our mind,
The true love's knot they faster bind,
Oh, oh, ray, oh Amborah — Oh, oh, etc.
(Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her.)*

SCENE 15

Lucy, Macheath.

MACHEATH I am naturally compassionate, wife, so that I could not use the wench as she deserved, which made you, at first, suspect there was something in what she said.

LUCY Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled!

MACHEATH If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance. No, Lucy, I had rather die than be false to thee!

LUCY How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged than in the arms of another.

MACHEATH But couldst thou bear to see me hanged?

LUCY Oh, Macheath! I could never live to see that day!

MACHEATH You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt. And you must now be convinced that I rather choose to die than be another's. Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee. If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

LUCY My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners, and, I fancy, he is now taking his nap in his own room. If I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

MACHEATH If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie concealed. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee; till then, my heart is thy prisoner.

LUCY Come, then, my dear husband, owe thy life to me; and, though you love me not, be grateful. But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

MACHEATH A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR 22 — 'The Lass of Patie's Mill'.

LUCY

*I like the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side;
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide.*

*Where can my lover hide?
Where cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back.*

Act III

SCENE I

SCENE: *Newgate.*

Lockit, Lucy.

LOCKIT To be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape?

LUCY Sir, here hath been Peachum and his daughter Polly, and, to be sure, they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they have been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

LOCKIT Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling answers!

LUCY Well, then, if I know anything of him, I wish I may be burned!

LOCKIT Keep your temper, Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

LUCY Keep yours, sir — I do wish I may be burned, I do, and what can I say more to convince you?

LOCKIT Did he tip handsomely? How much did he come down with? Come, hussy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you. Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done. How much, my good girl?

LUCY You know, sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

LOCKIT Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard: for a girl in the bar of an ale-house is always besieged.

LUCY Dear sir, mention not my education, for 'twas to that I owe my ruin.

AIR I — 'If love's a sweet passion', etc.

*When young at the bar you first taught me to score
And bid me be free with my lips, and no more;*

*I was kissed by the parson, the squire, and the sot;
When the guest was departed, the kiss was forgot.
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he pressed,
That I languished and pined till I granted the rest.*

If you can forgive me, sir, I will make a fair confession; for, to be sure, he hath been a most barbarous villain to me!

LOCKIT And so you have let him escape, hussy — have you?

LUCY When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to anything, and I could ask no other bribe.

LOCKIT Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut, Lucy. If you would not be looked upon as a fool, you should never do anything but upon the foot of interest. Those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

LUCY But love, sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet woman, and in love we are all fools alike. Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinced that Polly Peachum is actually his wife. Did I let him escape, fool that I was! to go to her? Polly will wheedle herself into his money; and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

LOCKIT So I am to be ruined because, forsooth, you must be in love! A very pretty excuse!

LUCY I could murder that impudent, happy strumpet! I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it. Ungrateful Macheath!

AIR 2 — 'South Sea Ballad'.

*My love is all madness and folly;
Alone I lie,
Toss, tumble, and cry,
What a happy creature is Polly!
Was e'er such a wretch as I?
With rage I redden like scarlet,
That my dear inconstant varlet,
Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
Stark blind to my charms,
Is lost in the arms
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!
This, this my resentment alarms.*

LOCKIT And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertained with your caterwauling, Mistress Puss! Out of my sight, wanton strumpet! You shall fast, and mortify yourself into reason, with, now and then, a little handsome discipline, to bring you to your senses. Go!

SCENE 2

Lockit.

LOCKIT Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair; but I'll be even with him. The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage. Lions, wolves, and vultures don't live together in herds, droves or flocks. Of all animals of prey, man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together. Peachum is my companion, my friend – according to the custom of the world, indeed, he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me – and shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return!

AIR 3 – 'Packington's Pound'.

*Thus gamesters united in friendship are found,
Though they know that their industry all is a cheat;
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's sound,
And join to promote one another's deceit.
But if by mishap
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands, they each other entrap.
Like pikes, lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.*

Now, Peachum, you and I, like honest tradesmen, are to have a fair trial which of us two can overreach the other. Lucy!

Enter Lucy.

Are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

LUCY Filch, sir, is drinking a quartern of strong waters in the next room with Black Moll.

LOCKIT Bid him come to me.

SCENE 3

Lockit, Filch.

LOCKIT Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starved; like a shotten herring.

FILCH One had need have the constitution of a horse to go through the business. Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap, I have picked up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being called down to sentence. But if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure 'tis what I can't undertake for another session.

LOCKIT Truly, if that great man should tip off, 'twould be an irreparable loss. The vigour and prowess of a knight-errant never saved half the ladies in distress that he hath done. But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

FILCH At his Lock, sir, at the Crooked Billet.

LOCKIT Very well. I have nothing more with you. (*Exit Filch.*) I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him; and in the way of those transactions, I'll artfully get into his secret. So that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches.

SCENE 4

SCENE: A gaming house.

*Macheath, in a fine tarnished coat, Ben Budge,
Mat of the Mint.*

MACHEATH I am sorry, gentlemen, the road was so barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. (*Gives them money.*) You see, gentlemen, I am not a mere Court friend, who professes everything and will do nothing.

AIR 4 — 'Lillibulero'.

*The modes of the Court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.*

*'Tis true, you find
Some friends so kind,
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.
In sorrowful ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money from friend to friend.*

But we, gentlemen, have still honour enough to break through the corruptions of the world. And while I can serve you, you may command me.

BEN It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involved in such difficulties as oblige him to live with such ill company and herd with gamesters.

MAT See the partiality of mankind! One man may steal a horse better than another look over a hedge. Of all mechanics, of all servile handicrafts, a gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the quality are of the profession, he is admitted amongst the politest company. I wonder we are not more respected.

MACHEATH There will be deep play to-night at Marybone, and consequently money may be picked up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth setting.

MAT The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told, is never without money.

MACHEATH What do you mean, Mat? Sure you will not think of meddling with him! He's a good honest kind of a fellow and one of us.

BEN To be sure, sir, we will put ourselves under your direction.

MACHEATH Have an eye upon the money-lenders. A rouleau or two would prove a pretty sort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

MAT Those rouleaux are very pretty things. I hate your bank bills – there is such a hazard in putting them off.

MACHEATH There is a certain man of distinction who in his time has nicked me out of a great deal of the ready. He is my cash, Ben; I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt. The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room. So, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

*To her he flies, again he's clipped
Within the wiry grate.*

PEACHUM But what signifies catching the bird, if your daughter Lucy will set open the door of the cage?

LOCKIT If men were answerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters, no friends could keep a good correspondence together for two days. This is unkind of you, brother; for among good friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT Sir, here's Mrs Diana Trapes wants to speak with you.

PEACHUM Shall we admit her, brother Lockit?

LOCKIT By all means – she's a good customer, and a fine-spoken woman, and a woman who drinks and talks so freely will enliven the conversation.

PEACHUM Desire her to walk in. *Exit Servant.*

SCENE 6

Peachum, Lockit, Mrs Trapes.

PEACHUM Dear Mrs Dye, your servant – one may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent.

MRS TRAPES I was always very curious in my liquors.

LOCKIT There is no perfumed breath like it – I have been long acquainted with the flavour of those lips – han't I, Mrs Dye?

MRS TRAPES Fill it up. I take as large draughts of liquor as I did of love. I hate a flincher in either.

AIR 6 – 'A shepherd kept sheep', etc.

*In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove,
fa, la, la, etc.*

*Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love,
fa, la, la, etc.*

*The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
Lip to lip while we're young – then the lip to the glass,
fa, la, la, etc.*

But now, Mr Peachum, to our business. If you have blacks of any kind, brought in of late, mantoos, velvet scarfs, petticoats,

let it be what it will, I am your chap, for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

PEACHUM Why, look, Mrs Dye, you deal so hard with us that we can afford to give the gentlemen who venture their lives for the goods little or nothing.

MRS TRAPES The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing. To be sure, of late years I have been a great sufferer by the Parliament. Three thousand pounds would hardly make me amends. The Act for destroying the mint was a severe cut upon our business – till then, if a customer stepped out of the way, we knew where to have her. No doubt, you know Mrs Coaxer – there's a wench now (till to-day) with a good suit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never set eyes upon her for three months together. Since the Act too against imprisonment for small sums, my loss there, too, has been very considerable, and it must be so, when a lady can borrow a handsome petticoat, or a clean gown, and I not have the least hank upon her! And o' my conscience, nowadays most ladies take a delight in cheating, when they can do it with safety.

PEACHUM Madam, you had a handsome gold watch of us t'other day for seven guineas. Considering we must have our profit, to a gentleman upon the road, a gold watch will be scarce worth the taking.

MRS TRAPES Consider, Mr Peachum, that watch was remarkable, and not of very safe sale. If you have any black velvet scarfs, they are a handsome winter wear, and take with most gentlemen who deal with my customers. 'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot. 'Tis not youth or beauty that fixes the price. The gentlemen always pay according to their dress, from half a crown to two guineas; and yet those hussies make nothing of bilking me. Then, too, allowing for accidents, I have eleven fine customers now down under the surgeons' hands; what with fees and other expenses, there are great goings-out and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at least a month's clothing. We run great risks, great risks indeed.

PEACHUM As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs Coaxer.

MRS TRAPES Yes, sir – to be sure, I stripped her of a suit of my own clothes about two hours ago; and have left her as she

should be, in her shift, with a lover of hers at my house. She called him upstairs as he was going to Marybone in a hackney-coach. And I hope for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the captain to redeem her, for the captain is very generous to the ladies.

LOCKIT What captain?

MRS TRAPES He thought I did not know him. An intimate acquaintance of yours, Mr Peachum – only Captain Macheath – as fine as a lord.

PEACHUM To-morrow, dear Mrs Dye, you shall get your own price upon any of the goods you like – we have at least half a dozen velvet scarfs and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of this suit of night-clothes for your own wearing? But are you sure it is Captain Macheath?

MRS TRAPES Though he thinks I have forgot him, nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the captain's money in my time at second-hand, for he always loved to have his ladies well dressed.

PEACHUM Mr Lockit and I have a little business with the captain; you understand me – and we will satisfy you for Mrs Coaxer's debt.

LOCKIT Depend upon it – we will deal like men of honour.

MRS TRAPES I don't inquire after your affairs – so whatever happens, I wash my hands on it. It has always been my maxim, that one friend should assist another. But if you please, I'll take one of the scarfs home with me, 'tis always good to have something in hand.

SCENE 7

SCENE: *Newgate.*

Lucy.

Jealousy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces.
How am I weather-beaten and shattered with distresses!

AIR 7 – 'One evening having lost my way', etc.

*I'm like a skiff on the ocean tossed,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne,
With her rudder broke and her anchor lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.*

*While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,
That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!
Revenge, revenge, revenge,
Shall appease my restless sprite.*

I have the ratsbane ready – I run no risk; for I can lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally, that I shall never be called in question. But say I were to be hanged – I never could be hanged for anything that would give me greater comfort than the poisoning that slut.

Enter Filch.

FILCH Madam, here's our Miss Polly come to wait upon you.
LUCY Show her in.

SCENE 8

Lucy, Polly.

LUCY Dear madam! your servant. I hope you will pardon my passion when I was so happy to see you last – I was so overrun with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself; and really when one hath the spleen, everything is to be excused by a friend.

AIR 8 – 'Now, Roger, I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my son'.

*When a wife's in her pout
(As she's sometimes, no doubt),
The good husband, as meek as a lamb,
Her vapours to still,
First grants her her will,
And the quieting draught is a dram;
Poor man! and the quieting draught is a dram.*

– I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

POLLY I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes – and really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

LUCY But, Miss Polly, in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

POLLY Strong waters are apt to give me the headache. I hope, madam, you will excuse me?

LUCY Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet for her own private drinking. You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear!

POLLY I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer. I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, madam, had not my papa hauled me away so unexpectedly. I was indeed somewhat provoked, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful – but really, madam, the captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserved your pity rather than your resentment.

LUCY But since his escape, no doubt, all matters are made up again. Ah, Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife, and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

POLLY Sure, madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy. A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well. So that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

LUCY Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR 9 – 'O Bessy Bell'.

POLLY *A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing.*

LUCY *The pertness of the billing dove,
Like tickling is but teasing.*

POLLY *What then in love can woman do?*

LUCY *If we grow fond they shun us.*

POLLY *And when we fly them, they pursue:*

LUCY *But leave us when they've won us.*

LUCY Love is so very whimsical in both sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting. But my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

POLLY But really, mistress Lucy, by his last behaviour I think I ought to envy you. When I was forced from him he did not show the least tenderness. But perhaps he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR 10 – 'Would fate to me Belinda give'.

*Among the men coquets we find,
Who court by turns all womankind:
And we grant all their hearts desired
When they are flattered and admired.*

The coquets of both sexes are self-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear Lucy, our husband is one of those.

LUCY Away with these melancholy reflections! Indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low; let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

AIR 11 – 'Come, sweet lass'.

*Come, sweet lass,
Let's banish sorrow
Till to-morrow:
Come, sweet lass,
Let's take a chirping glass
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair,
And make us light as air;
Then drink and banish care.*

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits – and I must persuade you to what I know will do you good. – I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet. *Aside.*

SCENE 9

Polly.

POLLY All this wheedling of Lucy cannot be for nothing – at this time too, when I know she hates me! The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief. By pouring strong waters down my throat she thinks to pump some secrets out of me. I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolved.

SCENE IO

Lucy, with strong waters. Polly.

LUCY Come, Miss Polly.

POLLY Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose. You must, my dear, excuse me.

LUCY Really, Miss Polly, you are so squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me. Brandy and men, though women love them never so well, are always taken by us with some reluctance – unless 'tis in private.

POLLY I protest, madam, it goes against me – What do I see! Macheath again in custody! Now every glimmering of happiness is lost! *Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.*

LUCY Since things are thus, I am glad the wench hath escaped, for by this event 'tis plain she was not happy enough to deserve to be poisoned. *Aside.*

SCENE II

Lockit, Macheath, Peachum, Lucy, Polly.

LOCKIT Set your heart at rest, captain. You have neither the chance of love nor money for another escape, for you are ordered to be called down upon your trial immediately.

PEACHUM Away, hussies! This is not a time for a man to be hampered with his wives – you see the gentleman is in chains already.

LUCY O husband, husband! my heart longed to see thee, but to see thee thus distracts me!

POLLY Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? With me thou hadst been safe.

AIR I 2 – 'The last time I went o'er the moor'.

POLLY *Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes!*

LUCY *Bestow one glance to cheer me.*

POLLY *Think, with that look, thy Polly dies.*

LUCY *Oh, shun me not, but hear me!*

POLLY *'Tis Polly sues.*

LUCY *'Tis Lucy speaks.*
 POLLY *Is thus true love requited?*
 LUCY *My heart is bursting.*
 POLLY *Mine, too, breaks.*
 LUCY *Must I —*
 POLLY *Must I be slighted?*

MACHEATH What would you have me say, ladies? You see, this affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

PEACHUM But the settling of this point, captain, might prevent a lawsuit between your two widows.

AIR 13 — 'Tom Tinker's my true love'.

MACHEATH *Which way shall I turn me? how can I decide?
 Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.
 One wife is too much for most husbands to hear,
 But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
 This way, and that way, and which way I will,
 What would comfort the one, t'other wife would
 take ill.*

POLLY But, if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine, a father, sure, will be more compassionate! — Dear, dear, sir! sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial — Polly, upon her knees, begs it of you.

AIR 14 — 'I am a poor shepherd, undone'.

*When my hero in court appears,
 And stands arraigned for his life,
 Then think of poor Polly's tears,
 For ah! poor Polly's his wife.
 Like the sailor, he holds up his hand,
 Distressed, on the dashing wave;
 To die a dry death at land,
 Is as bad as a watery grave.
 And alas, poor Polly!
 Alack, and well-a-day!
 Before I was in love,
 Oh, every month was May.*

LUCY If Peachum's heart is hardened, sure, sir, you will have more compassion on a daughter. I know the evidence is in your power. How, then, can you be a tyrant to me?

Kneeling.

AIR 15 – 'Ilanthe the lovely', etc.

*When he holds up his hand arraigned for his life,
O think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!
What are cannons, or bombs, or clashing of swords?
For death is more certain by witnesses' words.
Then nail up their lips; that dread thunder allay;
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.*

LOCKIT Macheath's time is come, Lucy. We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR 16 – 'A cobbler there was', etc.

*Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat,
When matters require it, must give up our gang:
And good reason why,
Or, instead of the fry,
Even Peachum and I,
Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang;
Like poor petty rascals, might hang.*

PEACHUM Set your heart at rest, Polly – your husband is to die to-day; therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut!

LOCKIT We are ready, sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

AIR 17 – 'Bonny Dundee'.

MACHEATH *The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged (a terrible show!).
I go undismayed, for death is a debt –
A debt on demand, so take what I owe.
Then farewell, my love – dear charmers, adieu!
Contented I die – 'tis the better for you.
Here ends all dispute for the rest of our lives,
For this way, at once, I please all my wives.*

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

SCENE 12

Lucy, Polly, Filch.

POLLY Follow them, Filch, to the court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of everything that happened. You'll find me here with Miss Lucy. (*Exit Filch.*) But why is all this music?

LUCY The prisoners whose trials are put off till next session are diverting themselves.

POLLY Sure there is nothing so charming as music! I'm fond of it to distraction. But alas! now all mirth seems an insult upon my affliction. Let us retire, my dear Lucy, and indulge our sorrows. The noisy crew you see are coming upon us

Exeunt.

A dance of prisoners in chains, etc.

SCENE 13

SCENE: *The condemned hold.*

Macheath, in a melancholy posture.

AIR 18 — 'Happy Groves'.

*Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel case!
Must I suffer this disgrace?*

AIR 19 — 'Of all the girls that are so smart'.

*Of all the friends in time of grief,
When threatening death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring relief
As this best friend, a brimmer.* (Drinks.)

AIR 20 — 'Britons, strike home'.

Since I must swing — I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine. (Rises.)

AIR 21 — 'Chevy Chase'.

*But now again my spirits sink,
I'll raise them high with wine.* (Drinks a glass of wine.)

AIR 22 – 'To old Sir Simon, the king'.

*But valour the stronger grows,
The stronger liquor we're drinking,
And how can we feel our woes,
When we've lost the trouble of thinking? (Drinks.)*

AIR 23 – 'Joy to great Cæsar'.

*If thus, a man can die
Much bolder with brandy.
(Pours out a bumper of brandy.)*

AIR 24 – 'There was an old woman'.

*So I take off this bumper – and now I can stand the test,
And my comrades shall see that I die as brave as the best.
(Drinks.)*

AIR 25 – 'Did you ever hear of a gallant sailor?'

*But can I leave my pretty hussies,
Without one tear, or tender sigh?*

AIR 26 – 'Why are mine eyes still flowing?'

*Their eyes, their lips, their busses,
Recall my love – Ah! must I die?*

AIR 27 – 'Green Sleeves'.

*Since laws were made, for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better company
Upon Tyburn tree.
But gold from law can take out the sting;
And if rich men, like us, were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.*

JAILER. Some friends of yours, captain, desire to be admitted – I leave you together.

SCENE 14

Macheath, Ben Budge, Mat of the Mint.

MACHEATH For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am ordered immediate execution. The sheriff's officers, I

believe, are now at the door. That Jemmy Twitcher should 'peach me, I own, surprised me. 'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people; therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, to look well to yourselves, for, in all probability, you may live some months longer.

MAT We are heartily sorry, captain, for your misfortune, but 'tis what we must all come to.

MACHEATH Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels – their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs. Remember your dying friend – 'tis my last request. Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

MAT We'll do it.

JAILER Miss Polly and Miss Lucy entreat a word with you.

MACHEATH Gentlemen, adieu!

SCENE 15

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

MACHEATH My dear Lucy! my dear Polly! whatsoever hath passed between us is now at an end. If you are fond of marrying again, the best advice I can give you is to ship yourselves off for the West Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a husband apiece; or by good luck, two or three, as you like best.

POLLY How can I support this sight!

LUCY There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress.

AIR 28 – 'All you that must take a leap', etc.

LUCY *'Would I might be hanged!*

POLLY *And I would so too!*

LUCY *To be hanged with you,*

POLLY *My dear, with you.*

MACHEATH *Oh, leave me to thought! I fear, I doubt!*

I tremble – I droop! – See, my courage is out!

(Turns up the empty bottle.)

POLLY *No token of love?*

MACHEATH

*See, my courage is out!**(Turns up the empty pot.)*

LUCY

No token of love?

POLLY

Adieu!

LUCY

Farewell!

MACHEATH

But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.

CHORUS

Tol de rol lol, etc.

JAILER Four women more, captain, with a child apiece. See, here they come!

Enter women and children.

MACHEATH What! four wives more! this is too much. Here, tell the sheriff's officers I am ready. *Exit Macheath, guarded.*

SCENE 16

To them enter Player and Beggar.

PLAYER But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

BEGGAR Most certainly, sir. To make the piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice. Macheath is to be hanged; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must have supposed they were all either hanged or transported.

PLAYER Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an opera must end happily.

BEGGAR Your objection, sir, is very just; and is easily removed. For you must allow that, in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about – so – you rabble there – run and cry a reprieve – let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

PLAYER All this we must do, to comply with the taste of the town.

BEGGAR Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen. Had the play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral. 'Twould have shown that the lower sort of people have their

vices in a degree as well as the rich: and that they are punished for them.

SCENE 17

To them Macheath, with rabble, etc.

MACHEATH So, it seems, I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last. Lookye, my dears, we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure, she who thinks herself my wife will testify her joy by a dance.

ALL Come, a dance! a dance!

MACHEATH Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you; and (if I may without offence) for this time, I take Polly for mine – and for life, you slut, for we were really married. As for the rest – But, at present, keep your own secret. *To Polly.*

A DANCE

AIR 29 – ‘Lumps of Pudding’, etc.

*Thus I stand like a Turk, with his doxies around,
From all sides their glances his passion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And the different beauties subdue him by turns:
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires,
Though willing to all, with but one he retires:
But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow,
The wretch of to-day, may be happy to-morrow.*

CHORUS

But think of this maxim, etc.